

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou' heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age ynto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile say fourteene of my teeth,

And yet to my teene be it spoken,  
I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douchhouse wall, my Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Douch-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could haue runne, & waded all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch leste crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iule? quoth hee? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bume as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall't vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It stinted, and said I.

Iule. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nursed, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iule,

How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iule. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thinke onely Nurse, I would say thou had'st suckt wisdom from thy tear.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Heere in Verona, Ladies of esteeme, Are made already Mothers. By my count I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares That you are now a Maide, thus then in bricfe: The valiant Paris seeks you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young Paris face,  
And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:  
Examine euery feuerall liniment,  
And see how one another lends content;  
And what obscur'd in this faire volumelies,  
Find written in the Margent of his eyes,  
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,  
To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.  
The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride  
For faire without, the faire within to hide:  
That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,  
That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie:  
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,  
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.  
Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris loue?  
Iule. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.  
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,  
Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Serving man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'd in the Parterry, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, Iule, the Countie staies.

Nurse. Goe Gyrl, seeke happy nights to happy daies.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or sixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this spech be spoke for our excuse?  
Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,  
Weele haue no Cupid hood winkt with a skarfe,  
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of slath,  
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.  
But let them measure vs by what they will,  
Weele measure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.  
Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle Romeo, we must haue you dance.  
Rom. Not I beleue me, you haue dancing shooes  
With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead  
So stokes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow Cupids wings,  
And soare with them aboue a common bound.  
Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft,  
To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:  
I cannot bound a pitch about dull woe,  
Vnder Loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.

Hora. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,  
Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,  
Giue me a Case to put my visage in,  
A Visor for a Visor, what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities:  
Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,  
But euery man betake him to his legs.  
Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart  
Tickle the sencelesse rushes with their heeles:  
For I am prouerbd with a Grandier Phrase,  
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,  
The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut.

Mer. Tut, duns the Mousse, the Constables owne word,  
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.  
Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest  
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not so.

Mer. I meane sir I delay.

We wait our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;  
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits  
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,  
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aske?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:

She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger  
Then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,  
drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as  
they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spin-  
ners legs: the Couer of the wings of Grasshoppers, her  
Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the  
Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,  
the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated  
Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt  
from the Lazie finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie  
Hafelmur, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time  
out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this flate she  
gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then  
they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on  
Curtesies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on  
Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which  
oft ake angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their  
breath with Sweet meates tainted are. Sometime she gal-  
lops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling  
out afire: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tick-  
ling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of  
another Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers  
neckle, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats. of  
Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths sue  
Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which  
he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a  
prayer or two & sleepe againe: this is that very Mab that  
plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elk-  
locks in foule fluttrish haire, which once vntangled, much  
misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,  
That presses them, and learnees them first to beare,  
Making them women of good carriage:  
This is she.

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio peace,  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:  
Which are the children of an idle braine,  
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,  
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,  
And more inconstant then the wind, who woos  
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:  
And being anger'd, pusses away from thence,  
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues,  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,  
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,

Shall bitterly begin his  
With this nights reuels,  
Of a despised life clos'd in  
By some vile forfeit of vi  
But he that hath the stira  
Direct my sute: on lustie  
Ben. Strike Drum.  
They march about the  
with their napkins.

Ser. Where's Potpan,  
He shift a Trencher? he lo  
1. When good mann  
hands, and they vnwash  
Ser. Away with the l  
cubbord, looke to the Pl  
of Marchpane, and as the  
Susan Grindstone, and Nel  
2. I Boy readie.  
Ser. You are lookt for  
for in the great Chamber  
1. We cannot be here  
Be brisk awhile, and the l

Enter all the Guests  
M  
1. Capu. Welcome G  
Ladies that haue their too  
Vnplagu'd with Cornes,  
Ah my Mistresses, which  
Will now deny to dance.  
She Ile sweare hath Com  
Welcome Gentlemen, I  
That I haue worne a Vis  
A whispering tale in a fair  
Such as would please: 'ti  
You are welcome Gentl

A Hall, Hell, giue roome,  
More light you knaues, ar  
And quench the fire, the R  
Ah firzh, this vnlookt for  
Nay sit, nay sit, good Coz  
For you and I are past ou  
How long 'st now since l  
Were in a Maske?

2. Capu. Berladly thi  
1. Capu. What man:  
'Tis since the Nuptiall of  
Come Pentycost as quick  
Some five and twenty ye  
2. Cap. 'Tis more, 'ti  
His Sonne is thirty.

3. Cap. Will you tel  
His Sonne was but a War  
Rom. What Ladie is th  
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not fir  
Rom. O she doth teach  
It seemes she hangs vpon  
As a rich Jewell in an A  
Beauty too rich for vse, fo  
So shewes a Snowy Doue  
As yonder Lady ore her fr  
The measure done, Ile wa  
And touching hers, make